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to the public wants, and find time for other duties besides. We think otherwise; for we feel that men generally are too little inclined to aid the ends of justice, and that if complainants do not find the magistrate at his post, and hence encounter delay or any other obstruction, the offender is too often allowed to escape. But let us grant the argument to be true, and what is the inference? Why, that since our stipendiaries have not sufficient employment, and since retrenchment is at present so peculiarly requisite, it would be well to reduce their number, and thus save unnecessary expense.

But in favour of our present night-watch, we cannot anticipate the shadow of a single argument. A man may be knocked on the head close to the very *bulk*, and Charley will not interfere to spoil sport; for he may be taking a dram to keep the frost out, or have snugly settled himself to sleep upon the stairs, to which an unclosed door had given him admittance; in short, he may be at any place or any thing, but that to which duty called him. But though he should sleep the whole year round, while depredators are making free with your property, there is one period at which he is awake, and keeps you so too, bellowing at your door that *all is well* (though he could not think of so far injuring your nerves, as to tell you the contrary, when such might be the case)—the period to which we allude is sometime about the 25th of November, and the object of all his watchfulness is that he may obtain a portion of that property of which he has generally been so careless a guardian. It is not for us to point out a system that would suit the public wants; but we feel that some alteration is necessary. We know that the new London police are objected to, and looked on with suspicion, by some, as too much like the French *gens d'armes*, and therefore unsuited to the free people of England. But we are inclined to think that much of the dissatisfaction might be found to proceed from those young sparks, who, returning from the tavern or the gaming table, formerly found such supreme delight in “bilking Charley.”

LYON'S POEMS *

We have once before taken occasion to observe, that in poetical compositions, whether long or short, it should ever be remembered, that no exuberance of imagination, or copiousness of diction, will atone for toil, pains, and scrupulous, nay, fastidious attention to the nice adaptation of each word to the impression intended to be made—as well as to that very necessary quality, now too frequently overlooked in English poetic composition, conciseness. It is, however, we are well aware, much easier to give the advice, than to put it into practice. To embellish a thought with a fine and delicate turn, and to press into a limited compass, a large quantity of the genuine feelings of the soul, is no easy task. It is a task, which none but a *poet* can accomplish; and as we are informed *poeta nascitur non fit*—and rather incline to think that in these degenerate days but few of the tribe are born into our world, we feel pleasure in getting our hand upon any volume which breathes, even in the faintest tones, a true poetic spirit. In the little collection of Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems before us, we feel that this spirit is by no means absent. It contains several pretty

* Poems—Sacred and Miscellaneous. By James Gilborne Lyon. Dublin: W. Curry, and Co.

pieces, and altogether is a work possessing very considerable merit.—
The following, the one selected from the Sacred Poems, the other from
the Miscellaneous, will, we think, bear us out in our favourable opinion :

EVENING HYMN.

'Tis night—though on the western hill
The rosy twilight linger still ;—
The perfum'd air—the shadowy steep—
The voiceless wood—the waveless deep,
All speak of heaven ; all, gloriously,
ETERNAL SPIRIT ! breathe of thee.

The winds are hush'd :—the peaceful beam
Of evening's star is on the stream ;
The bird hath sought the thorny brake,
The mist is on the silver lake,
While I have come to bend alone,
O God ! before thy radiant throne.

For thou art He, whose arm of might
First hung with worlds yon arch of night ;
Whose mandate chains the wrathful sea,
Whose presence fills immensity ;—
The storm—the cloud—the gladdening shine
Of early sunbeams, all are thine.

In mercy, Father ! spread thy wings
Of shelter, o'er my slumberings ;
And if, when morning lights the deep,
I rest in death's undreaming sleep ;
Be thou my strength, my hope, my trust,
When humbled in the silent dust.

But if, when golden day will spread
A glory on the mountain head,
I wake to hear the minstrelsy
Of joyous nature, pour'd to thee,
Thine be the smile, whose light will cheer
My spirit, while it lingers here.

And, when the hand of Time will throw
A chillness o'er my bosom's glow,
May I, like yon departing ray
On the blue mountain, fade away
From this dark world, to live with thee
In happier realms eternally.

TO * * *

I love to stray by the breezy lake,
When the woodsare lies on the thorny brake,
In that flowery time, when the cuckoo tells
Her tale of joy, to the leafy dells ;—
When the meadow dispenseth its fresh perfume,
And the young bee roves in the early bloom ;
When the cowslip springs on the sunny glade,
And the violet lurks in the greenwood shade.

I love to rest on the beetling steep ;
When the sunbeam fades on the summer deep,
When the face of the billow is bright and still,
And the wild herd sleeps on the silent hill :
In that moment of calmness, how sweet to stand
On the surf-worn cliff, or the yellow strand,
And to muse on the friends that are cold in the grave,
Gone—like the brightness which dies on the wave !

I love to roam in the pathless wood,
 When the red leaf swims on the autumn flood ;
 When the forest wind hath a wailing tone,
 And the blossoms of summer lie sear'd and strown :
 Each bird that pines on the leafless spray,
 Seems telling of joy which hath pass'd away ;—
 Each leaf that floats on the troubled stream,
 Whispers of peace which hath fled like a dream.

I love to sit by the smiling light
 Of a social hearth, on the wintry night,
 When the icedrop hangs on the frozen bough,
 And the snow lies deep on the mountain's brow :
 Oh ! who would not turn, in that fearful hour,
 When the storm is abroad in its lawless power,
 From the driving sleet, and the fitful din,
 To the glances of friendship which brighten within ?

But thou art more welcome, and dearer to me,
 Than the flowery turf of the vernal lea ;
 Thy smile to my soul is more soothing and sweet,
 Than the west when the sun and the waters meet :
 Thy voice to mine ear is more musical,
 Than the breeze of the wood in its dying fall ;
 And thy truth, like a shelter to save and to shield,
 When the might of the tempest is loos'd on the field.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY TWO HERMITS IN LONDON.

Nov. 23d.—Hastened to Westminster-Hall to see Lord Brougham on the woolsack, having heard him deliver rather a weak argument the preceding Saturday on the "*Lex Domicilii*," in the Exchequer—the last he ever delivered. We thought of Lord Bacon's taking his seat upon the Chancery-bench, attended by a splendid train of nobles and congratulating friends: there was this difference between the two cases, Bacon filled minor offices, and was solicitor-general before he was created lord chancellor—whereas Brougham, from being a practising barrister, was lifted at once to the highest judicial situation in England. We were disappointed, for the court was closed; so we turned in to the vice-chancellor's court, to take a peep at the new law-officers. Mr. Horne, the solicitor-general, is an intelligent-looking man, and much liked by the bar—especially by the juniors, for his courtesy and kindness; he makes wry faces, which, it will be admitted, is an unpleasant habit, and is inconceivably prolix, which is another unpleasant habit. Shadwell, the vice-chancellor, is the most fidgetty man we ever beheld: he looks as though he were sitting on spikes. Paid a visit to the king's-bench—saw a little black man with twenty horrid volumes before him; heard him cite one hundred cases; discovered he was a conveyancer come to *argue* the construction of a devise: we prepared for flight. Our attention was arrested on perceiving the most singular pedant in existence preparing to reply, writing notes in hieroglyphics. We had long been anxious to hear "*Preston on Estates*," so we remained; and he, poising his spectacles on the thinnest and sharpest nose in the world, began his dry argument thus:—"My Lord, it is now 44-6-8 years since I entered the profession, and thirty years since I argued the case which introduced me to the notice of Mr. Justice Bayley—an event which I shall ever cherish in my fondest recollections." We thought this would have been considered absurd in Dublin. He next modestly observed—"He knew more upon the subject than any man in the profession." And then quoted his own books with infinite pomp; worked himself into a phrenzy of delight about tenants